

Aline

Drama. 3. acts

By
E. Stirling

1843

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXXXIV.

ALINE:

OR,

THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY E. STIRLING, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PICKWICK CLUB," "THE RUBBER OF LIFE," "WOMAN
THE DEVIL," "BACHELOR'S BUTTONS," "THE QUEEN OF CYPRUS," "THE
ROSE OF CORBEIL," "LITTLE BACK PARLOR," "BLUE JACKETS,"
"YANKEE NOTES FOR ENGLISH CIRCULATION," "CAPTAIN
CHARLOTTE," "ONDINE, OR THE WATER SPIRIT AND FIRE
FIEND," ETC., ETC.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

▲ Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED IN THE LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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121 NASSAU-STREET.

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The Gift of
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Arthur
Genera
Mr. Re
Mr. Le
Farmer
Davy C
Kenric
Williar
James.
Aline (u
Dowage

Miss D. Miss Isaacs.

Dame Margaret Lawler. Mrs. Walton.

Lilly Lover. Miss Daly.

Mrs. Baker.

Miss Alice Gray.

Scene—The Banks of Killarney, Ireland—and England.

Time in Representation—One Hour and Thirty-five Minutes.



Costume.—(ALINE.)

EARL OF DUNMORE—Drab coat and trowsers. *Second Dress*—Military frock coat, white trowsers. *Third Dress*—Full Hussar uniform.

GENERAL BLACKAIN—Military uniform, hat and feathers.

MR. ROSSLYN—Suit of black.

MR. LOCKHART—Suit of black.

ROBERT LAWLER—Brown coat, drab small clothes. *Second Dress*—Soiled. *Third Dress*—The same as the first.

KENRICK—Brown coat, small clothes. *Second Dress*—A suit of black.

DAVY—Short blue coat, flowered waistcoat, blue small clothes. *Second Dress*—Soiled. *Third Dress*—Rather torn.

WILLIAM and JAMES—Rich liveries.

COUNTESS OF DUNMORE—Black velvet, white lace scarf, hat and feathers.

MISS DAUBIGNY—Rich lace dress.

LILLY LOVER—Short brown jacket, striped petticoat. *Second Dress*—Pink cotton bonnet, scarf, &c. *Third Dress*—Orange satin, black scarf, white bonnet, feathers, &c.

DAME MARGARET—Dark brown gown, cap, &c.

ALINE—Light green, very neat. *Second Dress*—Dove color, blue handkerchief. *Third Dress*—Rich white satin, jewels. *Fourth Dress*—Tattered dark brown, handkerchief on head.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Cast of the Characters.—(ALINE.)

AS PERFORMED AT

	<i>Strand, London, July 10, 1843.</i>	<i>Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 30th, 1855.</i>
<i>Arthur (Earl of Dunmore)</i>	Mr. Euston.	Mr. Howard.
<i>General Blackain</i>	“ Binge.	“ Jackson.
<i>Mr. Rosslyn (a Curate)</i>	“ Harrington.	“ Marlowe.
<i>Mr. Lockhart (a Steward)</i>	“ Jones.	“ Dalton.
<i>Farmer Robert Lawler</i>	“ Granby.	“ Ross.
<i>Dary O'Leary (a Shepherd)</i>	“ Walton.	“ B. G. Rogers.
<i>Kenric (a Drover)</i>	“ Cockerill.	“ Riggs.
<i>William</i>	“ Moore.	“ Wren.
<i>James</i>	“ Bird.	“ ———.
<i>Aline (the Rose of Killarney)</i>	Mrs. Stirling.	Miss Matilda Heron.
<i>Dowager Countess of Dunmore</i> ..	Mrs. Granby.	Mrs. Salisbury.
<i>Miss Daubigny</i>	Miss Isaacs.	—— ———.
<i>Dame Margaret Lawler</i>	Mrs. Walton.	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Lilly Lover</i>	Miss Daly.	Miss Alice Gray.

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ALINE.

ACT I.—[IRELAND.]

SCENE I.—*Interior of an Irish cottage, on the Lake of Killarney. Open at back, through which a picturesque view of the mountains. Door, R.*
II.—DAME MARGARET LAWLER *discovered seated, working at her spinning-wheel. Daybreak. A lamp burning, almost expiring. Table, chairs, &c. Popular Irish air—["Savourneen Deelish"]—for curtain to rise. DAVY O'LEARY, called "Dainty Davy," heard without, singing "Paddy Carey." He crosses at back, and enters c.*

Davy. (L. H. C.) How are you to-day, Mrs. Lawler? You're over early at work!

Dame. (R. H. C.) Folks must work in this world, Master Davy, if they wish to do well.

Davy. I'm sure nobody wishes to do better than myself, yet I never work, it's so fatiguing—if I can help it.

Dame. I never think of the fatigue—I like it.

Davy. Do you now? and I hate it. How well we should agree. But I dare say it is pleasant, when one's used to it. [*Aside.*] I never intend to be. But where's Aline, this morning?

Dame. She sleeps!

Davy. How innocent! Perhaps she's dreaming of something nice! like myself.

Dame. She is young, and requires sleep!

Davy. Just my complaint. [*Sighs.*] Ah! Aline is a girl to be proud of. No one would think she was the daughter of such an ugly old woman, as you are.

Dame. Davy!

Davy. I didn't mean quite that. I mean, she looks more like a lady, than a farmer's daughter.

Dame. She is good, and virtuous, and that is better than her looks, man.

Davy. My mother's very words to me. I was her darling. She loved me as much as she could, and perhaps more. "Never work too hard," she said, "my love." I never did when she was living, and now that

she's dead, I continue to do nothing, out of respect to her memory.
[*Wiping his eyes.*] Poor thing!

Dame. She was a good woman——

Davy. For nothing—so folks said. Hadn't you better call Aline up? Remember this is the morning our friends and neighbors go with the cattle drove to the South, to seek their fortunes up in London. Hard fortunes they'll find it, I'm thinking!

Dame. They do well to push forward in life.

Davy. What's the use of pushing forward, when every now and then something kicks you backward? You wouldn't like Miss Aline to go?

Dame. Like her to go? No, no—she remains with me.

Davy. You're right. She'd be lost in London. They've no mountains there, like ours, and I've heard the dust and smoke is so thick, that honest folks can't see each other more than once a month.

Dame. I'll never part with my girl. Her father and myself have willing hearts and hands, and whilst we have strength she shall never want bread. Leave us! I should die if she did—my only comfort!

Davy. Except myself. Think how pleasant I am—with my pipe, on long winter evenings, playing the tunes of old Ireland.

Dame. You are always welcome, lad—and shall be, while I have a bit or a sup.

Davy. Thank you! and I'd rather eat black bread with you than go along to the South, and live on herrings and meal. I like my native land too well to leave it. The wind on our hills may blow cold, but I'm sure it's hearty. There may be richer and sunnier lands than our blue mountains, but none so dear to an Irishman's heart!

[*Music.*—ROBERT LAWLER enters in F., much excited, and throws himself in a chair, dashing his hat on the ground.]

Dame. What ails you, Robert? [*Leaning on his shoulder.*]

Rob. The steward refuses to grant us an hour's time. The money must be paid, or we must leave our farm.

Dame. You have seen Mr. Lockhart?

Rob. I have—and his tongue expresses regret that his heart feels not. He pities us, but his master's rents must be paid.

Dame. He has no heart or feeling!

Rob. Who ever thought he had? His feeling is for gold, and his heart lies hid in his purse, with the strings drawn too tight to open it.

Dame. Won't they let us remain another quarter?

Rob. Not a day!

Dame. Then there is no hope left. Did you call at the Castle? The young Earl might have mercy——

Rob. [*Laughs.*] Mercy! Margaret, I tell you it is useless. His ear is closed to distress—his will, guided by those that would crush us—those that would drive us from the soil of our fathers to enrich themselves.

Dame. Our friend the curate, Mr. Rosslyn, promised to intercede with the Earl for us.

Rob. It will be useless. The rich have little sympathy for the poor. Our cottage will be sold.

Dame. Sell the cottage, where we were married—where my mother

died—and where our child, Aline, was born? It will break my heart to part with it.

Davy. So it will mine. It was so very comfortable in the winter!

Dame. What can we do? What will become of us?

Rob. What Providence and the steward pleases.

Dame. Hush! Aline is coming.

[*ALINE enters from R. H. D., carrying a small basket, which she places on table.*]

Aline. Good morning, father—mother dear!

Davy. Good day, Miss Aline.

Aline. Ah—is it you, Davy? Good morning.

Davy. [*Aside.*] How gentle! like a sucking dove. [*Goes up stage.*]

Aline. Before I kiss you, mother, I must scold. You never awoke me again. I sleep, while you work and toil alone. It is unkind, dear mother—very! [*Kisses her.*] I should share the labor.

Rob. She is right, wife. You always spare her—and for what? Is she to be a fine lady? Heaven knows what notions her head will be filled with.

Aline. The only notions will be, prayers for health and strength, father, to enable me to support my parents when age enfeebles them, and that I may never be separated from *this*, the home of my infancy!

Dame. [*Aside.*] Poor child! she little knows——

Davy. [*Re-entering.*] He's coming!

Rob. Who, man?

Davy. (*down on R. H.*) The devil! No, not that—I mean a lawyer, Mr. Lockhart, the steward.

Dame. So soon?

Davy. Yes; and there's an ill-looking fellow at his heels. I wish he was round his neck, in the river!

Rob. They're coming to give us warning. Well, let them do their worst. Misery stares us in the face.

Davy. It ought to be ashamed to look an honest man in the face, when it keeps so many rogues in countenance.

[*DAME weeps, the GENERAL and LOCKHART are seen crossing the bridge.*]

Aline. Warning? Mother, what is this? Why do you cry?

Davy. Because she can't help it!

Dame. You will know all too soon, my child—but pray to Heaven for support.

[*LOCKHART is seen crossing the back—he beckons, and GENERAL BLACKAIN appears—LOCKHART points.*]

Lock. This is the cottage, sir. [*ALINE removes lamp, and exit, R. H. D.*]

Gen. You are sure the girl is here?

Lock. Yes, sir. Her parents stand before you. Master Lawler, this is General Blackain, brother to the Countess.

Gen. [*Entering.*] Good day, my friends. Pray which is Robert Lawler?

Rob. I am that man, sir.

Davy. And that woman's his wife, sir.

Gen. You have a daughter, who is in the habit of carrying food to the workmen in the forest, I believe? [*Points to DAME.*]

ALINE re-enters, R. H., in time to hear the inquiry.

Aline. [*Aside.*] The General! Can he have seen Arthur ——

Rob. My daughter is here, sir, to answer for herself.

Gen. I trust my question may not annoy you, miss?

Rob. We have no misses here, sir. She is a plain farmer's daughter. Her name's Aline.

Davy. For want of a better!

Lock. [*Aside to GEN.*] She will be yours!

Gen. If so, the thousand pounds shall find its way into your purse.

Dame. Speak to the General, Robert—he may help us.

Rob. I will not.

Gen. Mr. Lockhart tells me that you are in trouble. What is it? Can I offer you any assistance? If so, command me.

Davy. [*Aside to DAME.*] Ask him to pay the rent!

Dame. Your kindness, sir, demands candor on our parts—we are troubled for money ——

Davy. [*Aside.*] Most folks are!

Rob. Our rent is in arrear three months, for which—after paying punctually forty years, we are threatened with seizure and ejectment from our home.

Davy. That smiling gentleman, there, whose heart's blacker than his coat —— [*Pointing to LOCKHART.*]

Gen. [*With assumed severity.*] Is this so, Mr. Lockhart?

Lock. His lordship ordered me to force the payment, sir.

Rob. And force us out of doors!

Davy. Shameful! But there are black sheep in the law as well as my flock.

Lock. Fool!

Davy. Don't call me a fool, sir—I was never baptized so.

[ALINE talks aside to DAVY.]

Gen. You have acted prematurely! [*To LOCKHART.*] Never fear, friends, all shall be redressed. My sister, the Countess of Dunmore, has requested me to wait on you, and to say, she is much interested about you. Especially your daughter.

Aline. [*Aside.*] She has never seen me.

Dame. Thanks, sir! My heart is too full for my tongue to speak all I wish. You hear, child? [*crosses to ALINE.*]

Gen. And her future fortune will be cared for.

Davy. Can't she care for mine at the same time? Nobody does, but my sheep.

Gen. I promise the farm shall still be yours, if it were only for the newly awakened interest I feel for the pretty Aline. [*Takes her hand.*] Let all proceedings, Mr. Lockhart, cease from this moment. I take Mr. Lawler's debts on myself.

Lock. [*Bowing.*] I am perfectly satisfied, sir. [*Exits, c.*]

Davy. So am I.—Huzza! Long life to you, sir.

Gen. [*Smiling.*] Who is this noisy person?

Davy. A shepherd, sir—from my universal softness, called the "Gentle Shepherd." Would you like to hear my pipe?

[*Takes out his pipe, and plays a bar or two.*]

Gen. Not at present, my good lad. I shall be happy to hear you at the castle.

Davy. At the castle? Huzza! I'll play you to sleep.

Gen. Adieu! all shall be arranged satisfactorily.

Davy. [*Loud.*] Long life to you!

Gen. [*To ALINE.*] You must come to the castle—my sister shall see you; I will enlist her kindness for you.

Aline. I am not deserving so much honor, sir.

Davy. Nonsense! you deserve all you can get, and as much more as they'll give you.

Gen. Farewell! depend on my protection. Follow me, master shepherd. [*Exit, all curtseying up centre, over-bridge.*]

Davy. I'm a made man—it's all through my pipe. Good bye, Farmer. When I come back, I'll tell you of all the grand doings at the castle. Huzza! [*Runs out, playing his pipe.*]

Dame. [*Embracing ALINE, who is standing apart, thoughtful.*] Didn't I tell you, husband, that she would save us? Aline is always fortunate, our blessing, our treasure.

Rob. We certainly owe much to the interest she has created in our mistress's brother. Now our minds are relieved, let us think of food. Come, Dame. [*Exit R. H. 2 E.*]

Dame. Instantly! Now, darling, let us in.

Aline. [*Embarrassed.*] Not yet, mother. The day is fast advancing, and the goats must be led out. I can breakfast on the mountain.

Rob. [*Within, R. H. 2 E.*] Come, Margaret.

Dame. Yes! Well, do as you please, love. [*Exits, R. H.*]

Aline. Arthur will be uneasy at my delay. Poor Arthur, he is not rich or powerful—but I would sooner have his protection, than all the proud owners of the castle can give. This general, with all his fair promises, is a bad man. He frightened me when I met him in the wood. Strange tales are told of him—but Arthur is poor like myself, and though he is obliged to conceal himself in the mountains, I am sure he is good. Hawking supports him for the present. Some day I am to know why he hides from all but me. It is his wish that I never reveal our meetings, even to my mother. Perhaps I do wrong to keep anything from her. I often fancy, when I am kneeling by her side at night, our prayers mingling together, that it is wrong for a child to deceive a parent, even in thought. But he wishes it, and I obey. He will scold if I delay longer—we'll breakfast together, talk together, and the time will pass so happily. Dear—dear Arthur!

[*She is running out, when Mr. ROSSLYN, the curate, enters.*]

Aline. Mr. Rosslyn!

Ross. Where are you running, child?

Aline. To my goats, sir.

Ross. Your goats?

Aline. Y-e-s—y-e-s! they want their breakfast on the mountains.

Ross. That is not the only errand you have—you met him there—is it not so!

Aline. He has discovered us. Y-e-s!

Ross. And he flattered you! told you you were pretty?

[*Timidly.*]

Aline. Yes ! but I couldn't help it, sir.

Ross. He came here this morning ?

Aline. No, sir ! he's too timid.

Ross. Aline ! you never told me an untruth. I know he came, spoke to your parents, promised his protection, and that of his sister.

Aline. Who do you speak of, sir ?

Ross. General Blackain—a bold, bad man, Aline ! Your heart is pure yet, but you are simple, inexperienced in the ways of the world. This man, with all his seeming goodness, aims at your innocence !

Aline. Heavens !

Ross. If he serves your parents, the exchange he seeks is your virtue—the bread he proffers would be purchased by dishonor.

Aline. Let my father know this at once.

Ross. No, my child, I have full confidence that you will never forget the lessons of virtue I have instilled into your young mind. “ This man “ is powerful, and if provoked, may ruin your parents—nay, even cause “ their death, by his persecutions. We must deal cautiously with him. “ His measures are well taken. Peril surrounds you.”

Aline. What am I to do ?

Ross. You must leave home.

Aline. Leave my home ?

Ross. Yes ! This very day ! Many of our neighbors leave for the south—some to seek their better fortunes in London. You shall go with them.

Aline. Leave my mother ?

Ross. It is the only way to defeat this fiendish man. The power of his family is great here ; if you remain, he will surely ensnare you.

Aline. But my poor mother, sir ?

Ross. There arises the obstacle.

Dame. [*Heard without, R. H.*] I will follow Aline to the mountain.

Ross. You must suppress your grief before her, and second me in all I say—you know the consequence. Will you promise me ?

Aline. Yes, sir !

Ross. Good girl !

Re-enter MARGARET and ROBERT LAWLER, R. H. 2 E.

Dame. Still here, child ? Mr. Rosslyn, too ? has she told you the good news, sir ? Our cottage is not to be sold—heaven has sent us a friend, in our landlady's brother—the general.

Rob. (*R. H.*) Yes, sir, he promises to stand our friend.

Ross. (*L. H.*) Rather say your enemy—your worst enemy, for under this garb of interest in your welfare he seeks to seduce your daughter.

Dame. Can it be possible.

Ross. I have authority for what I state. The whole is an infamous plot to betray her.

Rob. This was the secret of his apparent kindness, then—Oh ! villain—villain ! may my curse—

Davy. I've got it, Farmer ! here it is. For six years.

Rob. What ?

[*DAVY runs on in flat, R. H.*

Davy. Your lease. The general, long life to him, sent it out of respect to Miss Aline. [Shows paper.]

Rob. [Snatching paper.] Idiot!

Davy. Yes! and he's done something more for her at the bottom of the paper. Read it!

Rob. [Reads.] "My sister will employ your daughter at the castle."

Davy. How lucky! as I am to be gamekeeper.

Dame. You are right, sir—[To ROSSLYN]—he would ensnare her.

Rob. I scorn his gift—the rascal! [Tears paper.]

Dame. Penury and want will overwhelm us!

Rob. Better that it should, than live disgraced. We'll leave—I can work for both. Rather than eat the bread purchased by the sacrifice of our child, I would die a thousand deaths! She shall go far from hence.

Dame. Go! leave us!

Rob. My resolution is fixed, wife. Our persecutor is rich, and may triumph. Aline must leave the glen.

Dame. We are lost!

Rob. And she is saved!

Dame. I cannot part with her. Mr. Rosslyn will advise us what to do—won't you, sir!

Ross. I agree with your husband. It is my advice that she quits her home for a time, until the danger passes over. Let her go with our friends to London. I have a relative there that shall watch over and protect her.

Dame. No, no—do not ask it. I should die! [Weeps.]

Aline. [Running to her.] Mother dear—don't cry. I shall soon return.

Dame. Return! You would go, then? Ungrateful girl!

Aline. Don't call me ungrateful, mother, or look so reproachful, or my courage will fail me. [Embraces her.] Ungrateful to you? you that I love so truly? No, no—

[The peasants appear on the bridge—The song of the mountaineers—
"Savannen Deelish"—is heard very piano, and DAVY who has
been up the Stage, comes forward.]

Davy. They're all assembling! Sheep, cows, goats, men, women, and children. I must bid farewell to my sheep—how affecting!

[Exit, R. II E.]

Ross. Our friends are departing—

Dame. [Clings to ALINE.] Not with my child—

Rob. It is our duty, Margaret. Let us confide in Mr. Rosslyn. Embrace your mother, Aline, whilst I prepare for your journey.

[Exit, R. II 2 E.]

Dame. Robert—Robert, listen to me—my heart will burst!

[Rushes in after him. ALINE is standing absorbed in grief—MR.
ROSSLYN takes her hand.]

Ross. Courage, my dear.

Aline. I have no courage now. [Weeps.] To leave home, friends, and parents so suddenly.

Ross. This is not what you promised me.

Aline. I cannot withstand my mother's tears, sir.

[Groups of MALE and FEMALE PLASANTS are seen bidding farewell to each other, and departing.]

Ross. Come, come, child—you will yet live to bless this sacrifice. Take this letter to my friend in London—everything will thus be prepared for your reception. Your mother's distress is but temporary. I will comfort her. All shall be happy.

[Gives letter—ALINE puts it in her bosom.]

KENRIC enters at back.

Ken. Before we set forth, we wish to say farewell to you, sir.

Ross. Thank you, Kenric. I have a favor to ask of you.

[Points to ALINE, and talks to him aside.]

Enter DAVY and LILLY LOVER, from back, disputing.

Davy. I tell you it is so, obstinate female!

Lilly. He says you're going to London, Aline, and I've just found a husband, and want to be married, and I can't be led to the hymenial altar unless you support me as bridesmaid. My intended is not very handsome, and has but one eye—he looks sharp with it, though—and his nose might be a trifle straighter, but then his purse is full, and that makes him look charming in my eyes.

Aline. I am going from home, Lilly.

Lilly. Going—and never tell me? How shabby?

Aline. You will know the reason when I am gone. It is imperative.

Lilly. [Half crying.] Then I'm sure I won't be married by myself. Paddy may wait.

Aline. Lilly, pray console my poor mother—be a daughter to her.

Davy. [Crying.] And I'll be a son!

Lilly. Yes, yes—I'll console her. We'll cry together about you.

Aline. See her often.

Davy. Twice a day—besides nights.

Aline. Thank you, friends. It may be long—very long before I see you again—perhaps, never— [Bursts into tears.]

Lilly. It almost breaks my heart to part with you, Aline; for though all the young men do pay court to you, and neglect me, I am not jealous. You are so good!

Re-enter ROBERT, supporting MARGARET, R. H. 2 E. He has a bundle and cloak. He gives them to ALINE.

Rob. Come, Margaret—look up. Sorrow is sinful in this case. You will still have me with you. She will be safe, and though far away, we can hear of her, through the eurate. [Leads DAME to chair.]

Dame. I cannot help it, Robert!

[Weeps—ALINE runs to her, throwing herself at her feet.]

Aline. Mother!

Ken [To ROSSLYN.] Depend on my care, sir—I will see Aline into your friend's hands safely. Our fellow travellers are assembling. We must hasten, for there are twelve good miles to travel before sunset.

[Music piano—"Savourneen Deelish." Groups appear at back in

the mountain pass ready for journey. ROSSLYN goes up to speak to them, followed by LILLY and DAVY.

Ross. [*His back to audience.*] Bless you all, my children. May your journey prove prosperous.

Rob. Come, Aline—they wait for you——

Aline. [*Rising.*] I am going, mother——

Dame. [*Snatching her hand.*] One moment, Robert—for pity's sake, let her stay one instant. Do not refuse a mother that's going to lose her child.

Rob. [*Much affected.*] Kiss her again, then. [*He retires up.*

Aline. Will you not bless me, mother?

Dame. "I will—I will, my dearest. You shall have the same prayer my mother gave me. It always preserved me from danger—pray Heaven it may do so for you! Learn it—treasure it—keep it in your heart. When I quitted her, she laid her trembling hands on my head, and in a faltering voice, said—for she loved me, Aline, but not, not as I love you. [*She is overcome with feeling. A pause.*] 'My child,' she said, 'you are about commencing life's rough journey, alone. Be honest—above all, be virtuous. Pray to heaven to grant you strength to withstand all temptation.' You will do so, won't you? [*Kisses her.*] Never forget your prayers, love—[*Her voice becomes weaker*]—and sometimes bestow a thought upon your mother. [*Embraces her.*] Go now, darling—God be with you—go—with the grace of Heaven."

[*Her feelings overpower her, and she faints—ROBERT hastens to support her—ROSSLYN re-enters rapidly, and leads ALINE away—LILLY runs to DAME.*

Ross. You must spare her any further farewell. See your daughter through the glen. [*Savourneen Deelis, forte, till curtain down.*

Rob. "I am ready, sir. Don't leave her, sir. [*Much moved—points to DAME.*] Now, darling, and as your poor mother said, 'Heaven bless you!'"

[*Embraces her—ROSSLYN does the same.*

Aline. Mother!

[*She is going towards her.*

Ross. [*Interrupting her, and leading her up.*] You will but increase her misery.

[*Places her hand in her father's. who drags her away, her face turned towards her mother—she is sobbing. Music—"Savourneen Deelish." Chorus—"Farewell!" Parties begin to move—DAME suddenly recovers, starts up—sees ALINE departing, and exclaims, "They have stolen my child!" then sinks again into ROSSLYN's arms. (This is done rapidly.) ROBERT gently forces off ALINE. Picture. Curtain slow.*

END OF ACT I.

[*A lapse of six months is supposed to take place, between the First and Second Acts.*

ACT II.—[LONDON.]

SCENE I.—*A neatly furnished room, D. in F., L. H.—L. H. a recess, in which is a bed—curtains drawn. A closet, L. H. U. E.—A window, R. H. Tables, chairs, clock, &c.*

ALINE and LILLY discovered at Tea. *Music.*

Lilly. What beautiful bread! how I love it buttered on both sides! [*Eating.*] Then the tea—we don't get such tea in Ireland, dear—[*Drinks*—do we?

Aline. [*Smiling.*] If not, we enjoy pure air, Lilly.

Lilly. What's pure air to pure appetite? I'm sure ever since I came to London, mine has increased daily. I'm glad I followed your steps, and left home. A rare escape you had from that wicked general, with his fine words, and insinuations. He tried to insinuate himself into my affections, when you left, but luckily I had none, so he was disappointed.

Aline. You were fortunate.

Lilly. Middling! The old fox! The first time I saw him, I said—another cup of tea, love—[*ALINE hands tea.*]—I said he was ugly; and the second time I declared he was—a little more sugar—[*ALINE gives sugar*—worse. And the third time we met, he looked a perfect fright. He had the cruelty to invite me to supper at the castle. I looked at him in a becoming manner, tossed my head, and with extreme politeness said, "I shan't." Mr. Rosslyn advised me to leave the village. I did so, followed you to London, and obtained a lady-like situation, to sell sweets at a confectioner's. I changed my name to Miss Clarinda Pattypan, fearing that military serpent might discover me. I've been inquiring for you ever since I came to town, and it was only yesterday I found your lodging out. I'm so glad!

Aline. To say that I am so, would but faintly express the delight I feel in seeing you. It reminds me of home—and though far away, it leads my memory back to the beloved scenes of my childhood's happy days.

Lilly. And very natural it should, dear. The country's the country, though, say what you will. Give me London, with its fine shops, and crowded streets. La! how I love a crowd! Squeezing is so tantalizing to a body!

Aline. London has no attractions for me. My thoughts are with my mother, and home.

Lilly. La! how different to mine. They're always in the parks and playhouses. When you see them in deep tragedy, all velvet, and span-gles, large powdered wigs, and daggers; oh! it's enough to make your blood run cold!

[*Imitates acting.*

Aline. [*Laughs.*] Silly girl!

[*The air of "Savourneen Deelish" is heard without, R. H. 3 E.—LILLY runs to the window.*

Lilly. [*Laughing, and clapping her hands.*] Yes! it—it is our Davy! Davy playing his shepherd's pipe in London streets. Look! Look, Aline! [*ALINE runs to the window.*] There he is, dear fellow! [*Calls.*]

Davy! here! this way, up three pair of stairs. Stay, I'll come and fetch you. I'm so glad! *[Laughs, and runs out F.]*

Aline. What can bring the poor fellow here? No misfortune, I hope.

Lilly. *[Without, L. H. I. E.]* This way; mind the turn in the stairs; come along.

[DAVY runs in delighted, and overpowered with joy and feeling.]

Davy. Oh! Aline! Ha, ha, ha! don't talk. I've found you again! Oh! I'm so glad! We'll be so happy now. Let me kiss you! Your mother told me to do it. *[Kisses her.]* Ha, ha, ha! *[Jumps about.]*

Aline. *[Takes his hand.]* Davy, I'm overjoyed to see you. Sit down. *[Places him in a chair.]* Are you well? Tell me!

Davy. I can't answer you just yet, Miss Aline; there's something here too full—*[Touches his heart.]*—to let me; but it is with happiness that I've found you again. *[Wipes his eyes, sobbing.]*

Aline. Kind Davy! how can I ever return such conduct?

Davy. Don't mention it. To find you; to look upon you, and to listen to the sound of your voice, is return enough for me.

Lilly. Ain't you tired, Davy, dear?

Davy. A bit foot sore. It's a weary walk from the glen up to this huge place.

Aline. Did you walk all the way?

Davy. Every step—except when I ran.

[LILLY cuts bread and butter for him, and gives him tea.]

Aline. *[Dusts his clothes and hat.]* Poor fellow!

Lilly. Here's his dear old pipe, too!

[Blows it.]

Aline. Why did you leave home, Davy, man?

Davy. Because I couldn't stay after you left us. I grew discontented—the sheep ran melancholy—and my pipe was always out of tune.

Aline. Still you had your old companions around you?

Davy. What were they to me, miss! You were not among them. I could never forget who it was that first held out a helping hand to me, when I came homeless, penniless, to the glen, a poor wandering lad. Others scoffed and laughed at me, but you looked and spoke kindly. Your words sank deeply into my heart; too deep ever to be worn out by new recollections. Every thing seemed changed when you quitted the mountains. The fields looked less green, and the flowers lost their bloom.

Aline. Tell me of my father and mother—are they well?

Davy. Charming—and the curate, too! They all sent their love and blessing to you.

Aline. Is my mother happier than she was?

Davy. Pretty well for that. All is miserable without you. I couldn't bear it, so I gave up my service, bade good bye to the sheep, and followed you.

Lilly. How did you find her out?

Davy. Asked everybody I met if they knew the Rose of Killarney! One laughed outright; another gawky six foot laut asked me if I'd just

escaped from Bedlam, and advised me to go home and get my head shaved.

Aline. Poor Davy! You must have had a troublesome task.

Davy. Fearful! Pacing and pacing up one street, and down another; walking the live-long day without seeing a single mountain or a blade of grass. Aye, it's an outlandish place, this great city!

Lilly. [*Laughs.*] I'm quite in love with it, for my part—it's so genteel!

Davy. At last I took to my pipe, thinking if you were above ground the sound of "Savourneen Deelish" would discover you, and so it has; and I shall love it more and more. Now, tell me—how have you prospered in this town!

Aline. Well, Davy—very well! I have earned sufficient by my needle, in six months, to purchase all this furniture——

Davy. And to send a little to your mother.

Aline. When I first came to London I was sorely depressed in spirits, finding Mr. Rosslyn's friend dead, and myself alone in this large place, without one person to confide in. Then it was my mother's words proved my comfort. I did not despair, but trusted to Heaven, and it has not forgotten me, as you see.

Davy. And it never will. Do you live here alone?

Aline. [*Hesitating.*] Y-e-s!

Lilly. To be sure she does!

Davy. How lucky! I'll come and live with you, and be a mother to you; run of errands, and wait upon you.

Lilly. It wouldn't be proper in London, Davy.

Davy. Why ain't it proper to do good everywhere? When I came up to your door, a tall fellow was standing there, talking to another about Miss Aline.

Aline. [*With agitation.*] How was he dressed?

Davy. In gold and lace—with a cocked hat and cane. I thought he was some great lord.

Aline. [*R. H. Aside.*] I breathe easier; it was not him!

Davy. He was laughing and telling his friend of the little Irish girl his master came to see here—the Earl of ——I forget where.

Lilly. [*Aside, L. H.*] I smell a rat!

Davy. I don't know *why*, but a trembling came over me, when—
[*Three claps of the hand are heard.*] What's that?

Aline. Nothing. [*Aside.*] He is coming! What shall I do?

Lilly. [*Aside.*] I'm perfectly satisfied. It's time for me to go back to the shop. [*To ALINE, aside.*] I'll take him with me. [*Laughs, and imitates the claps.*] Come, Davy—you shall see me home, man.

Davy. Me?

Lilly. Yes. There's honor for you. And I'll give you some sugar-plums. Good bye, dear! [*Kisses ALINE.*] I shall come to-morrow.

Davy. So shall I!

Aline. Do—Come to breakfast with me, Davy.

Davy. I will, and supper to-night, if I can find my way back. Good bye.

Lilly. [*Aside to ALINE, and going.*] Sly puss ! oh fie—fie ! [*Laughs, and exit with DAVY, L. H. 1 E.*]

Aline. Does she suspect me ? No ! it is impossible. [*Reflects.*] Arthur's visits are unknown to all. He begs me never to reveal them—and he is so good, so kind, I cannot refuse him. Living in the same house, on the same floor, too, how can I help seeing him ? Besides, didn't I leave home, without saying a word, or bidding him adieu ? Oh ! how pleased I was to meet him on the stairs, when I came here, and I found that he had left Ireland, and had come to work in London. Providence sent him to live in the same house, to guide and watch over me. After his labor, he comes to teach me to write and read—and talk of the happy hours we spent together on the hills. [*The signal is repeated.*] He's impatient. Poor fellow ! I musn't keep him any longer. [*Claps her hand three times, and opens the door.*] How my heart always flutters when he comes near me.

[*ARTHUR enters, dressed in a neat workman's suit ; he carries some flowers in his hand. ALINE runs to him on the threshold, and takes his hand.*]

Aline. Arthur !

Arth. [*Giving her the flowers.*] I thought you were out, dearest.

Aline. I never go out when I expect you—my whole time and thoughts are devoted to you, and ——

Arth. Who ?

Aline. My mother !

Arth. I almost envy her the share she has in your affections. The treasure is too great to divide. [*Takes her hand—they sit.*]

Aline. You are too good for me, Arthur, and waste time that would be better employed, than instructing a simple girl like myself.

Arth. It is your simplicity that pleases me, and makes the task delightful.

Aline. You say so, but I am ignorant, difficult to teach—in spite of all your kind lessons, I make but little progress.

Arth. Because our lessons are not frequent enough, love.

Aline. Oh ! but I repeat them to myself a hundred times a-day. I never forget a word you say to me.

Arth. Don't you ? about the ——

[*Places his arm round her waist, overjoyed.*]

Aline. Lessons, if you please. [*Removes his arm*] I have learnt the last you set me. “Beware of temptation.”

Arth. [*Laughs.*] I have an easier task for you this evening. [*Produces a written paper—Reads.*] “Love me !”

Aline. Love you ? Let me begin at once. [*Takes paper from him.*] I can understand writing. I know. But you musn't be severe, if I skip some of the hard words.

Arth. [*Laughs.*] Severe !

Aline. Yes ! Why do you laugh, sir ? hard words are very serious, when you are learning to spell. [*Reads.*] “In spite of my resolves to the c-o n-trary, [*Spells.*] my heart declares”——[*Speaking.*] Is that right ?

Arth. Perfectly !

Aline. [*Reads.*] “That my love for you, is over”——[*Speaks.*] I cannot tell what. [*He holds the letter for her.*]

Arth. Overwhelming.

Aline. [*Reads.* "Since the hour I first met you in the"—[*Speaks.*] where? There's a capital M to it. [*Spells.*] "Mountains—Mountains." [*Laughs.*] That's right!

Arth. You read like an angel.

Aline. No flattery if you please, sir. [*Reads.*] "Your loved image." [*His hand shakes, the paper trembles.*] What makes your hand tremble so?

Arth. I don't know!

Aline. Hold it steady, or I shall scold. [*Reads,*] "Your loved image"—There, you are doing it again, at loved image, sir. [*Reads.*] "Your "loved image, is always before me—even in my slumbers." How affectionate. Who is it addressed to?

Arth. Read on, and you will see.

Aline. [*Reads.*] "It is your image, Aline." Mine? [*A loud rap at the door—they start up. She runs to the window.*] A grand carriage is at the door!

Arth. [*At the door, listening.*] Some person is ascending the stairs.

Aline. Perhaps it's Davy.

Arth. Who is Davy?

Aline. [*Embarrassed.*] One of our country people, who knows nothing. Don't let him see you. Hide yourself.

Arth. Where?

Aline. In this closet.

[*Runs to closet, L. H., opens it and discovers a window in it.*]

Arth. This is agreeable, to resign my place to Mr. Davy.

[*Entering the closet, L. H. 2 E.*]

Aline. [*Closing it.*] Only for a few minutes. I will soon send him away.

[*A knock at the door in F. She runs to it—opens it, and the COUNTESS OF DUNMORE, attended by a FOOTMAN, enter. The FOOTMAN stands outside.*]

Coun. What is your name, young woman?

Aline. Aline, Madam!

[*Curtseys.*]

Coun. You are a native of Ireland, I believe?

Aline. Yes, Madam. What is your pleasure?

Coun. [*Aside.*] It is her!—You shall learn!

[*Turns aside to speak to the FOOTMAN—he retires and returns with GENERAL BLACKAIN, immediately.*]

Aline. Who can this haughty lady be? and why question me?

[*Turns round, sees the GENERAL, and exclaims, "The General."*]

Gen. Aline!

[*Surprised.*]

Coun. You know this person then, General?

Gen. [*Embarrassed.*] Slightly! You also know her. She's the daughter of one of your tenants. Farmer Lawler.

[*Offers a chair to COUNTESS.*]

Coun. Is it true that we know you, my dear?

Aline. I am the daughter of Robert Lawler, madam.

Coun. This confirms my suspicion! [*Aside.*] Why are you so far from home?

Gen. Ah ! why, I should like to know.

Coun. If I am not mistaken, the farm your father occupies is more than sufficient to maintain his family. What brought you to London ?

Aline. (L. H.) Misery and persecution, madam.

Gen. (R. H.) [*Aside.*] Hem ! The little simpleton is going to tell !

Aline. The curate informed me that danger surrounded me ——

Gen. [*Aside.*] Did he !

Aline. And that it was a base man, rich and powerful—[*Looking at the GENERAL.*]—one who abused the gifts Heaven had bestowed upon him, by seeking to destroy those his rank and station should have taught him to protect.

Gen. Phew ! It's very warm here, sister !

Aline. I was compelled to leave home to avoid his snares.

Conn. And the name of your persecutor ——

Aline. I have forgotten, madam.

Gen. [*Aside.*] I'm saved ! The sly gipsey ! She shall yet be mine !

Conn. But since you've been in London, who has supplied your wants ? [*Points to furniture.*]

Aline. Providence, madam.

Coun. Providence, child ?

Aline. And my needle.

Conn. [*Aside to GENERAL.*] Her manner astonishes me ! Have I been deceived—or is this candor affected, to lull my suspicions of my son's intrigues with her ?

Gen. I have an idea, to solve the doubt at once. To-morrow you give a fete, for the presentation of my nephew's bride ; invite this girl—she will amuse the company with her native songs, and at the same time be thrown into the Earl's society. Then we can judge by her conduct if the reports are true.

Coun. Excellent ! It will just suit my purpose.

Gen. (R. H.) [*Aside.*] And mine.

Coun. My dear, you must visit me to-morrow. [*Gives card.*] I will present you to those that may be of service. Come attired just as you are now.

Aline. Your ladyship shall be obeyed.

[*At this moment the closet door opens—ARTHUR peeps out—on seeing the COUNTESS he hastily withdraws, exclaiming, "What do I see?"*]

The COUNTESS turns round and perceives it.

Aline. [*Aside.*] Heavens !

Coun. [*Aside.*] Is he concealed ? [*Loud.*] I shall expect you, then. [*Rises.*] How very neat this apartment is, General—so genteel ——

Gen. Yes. [*Aside.*] Some attorney's clerk ruining himself for her !

Coun. [*Walking towards closet.*] Another room, I presume ?

Gen. Of course. The boudoir !

Coun. [*Darting to it.*] Let me see ——

Aline. [*Running before her.*] Madam ——

[*The COUNTESS has already opened the door—the closet is empty.*]

Count. [*Aside.*] No one ! I was mistaken.

Aline. [*Aside.*] He has escaped by the window !

Coun. Everything is very nice. I cannot help complimenting your taste. Adieu ! my carriage shall fetch you very early. [*Exit, D. F.*]

Gen. Mind you come, you little puss ! [*Exit, D. F.*]

Aline. I will—but not alone. Thank Heaven, they are gone ! [*Shuts door.*] I trembled for poor Arthur when they opened the door—he must have had time to jump out ! What could bring them here ! Is it another plot of that bad man's ? I no longer fear him if it is—Arthur will protect me. It is getting late—the neighbors opposite are going to bed—I must prepare too—[*Draws window curtain.*] as I have to rise early in the morning. What a happy day this has been to me ! [*Sits.*] Companions restored to me ! Davy's unexpected appearance conjured up a host of tender recollections. Arthur, too, appeared kinder than ever. What a pity it was that those proud people came in and drove him away so suddenly. I should have read the end of the letter. What a pleasant one it was ! [*Repeats.*] “Your loved image”—I shall dream about it, I know. [*House clock strikes nine*] Nine o'clock ? how the time passes. I never shall be ready in the morning. [*Puts out light—kneels.*] Dear mother, though far from you, I am sure you will hear my prayer to Heaven that I may be speedily with you—never to part again. [*The closet door slowly opens, and ARTHUR re-appears, L. H. 2 E. She rises hurriedly.*] Who's there ?

Arth. Don't be alarmed—it is Arthur——

Aline. [*Rapidly crossing to R. H.*] Why do you come back at this hour !

Arth. It is not my fault. I endeavored to reach my chamber at the risk of my neck when those persons disturbed us, but I was observed climbing. Even now they are pursuing me.

Aline. Will they harm you ?

Arth. Yes, Love.

Aline. Heaven protect me !

Arth. You must save me, Aline ! Hide me—suffer me to remain, or I am lost !

Aline. But, then——

[*Hesitates.*]

Arth. Hark—I hear them coming ! Will you aid me ?

[*Approaching her*]

Aline. [*Retreating.*] Stay where you are, sir !

Arth. Do you consent !

Aline. If you are in danger.

Arth. [*Runs to her.*] I am, dear—I am——

[*Takes her hand.*]

Aline. Leave me !

Arth. It is too difficult to obey. I will never leave you more.

Aline. Your manner alarms me. What is the danger you spoke of ?

Arth. Nothing, love, nothing. I have forgotten it in your presence ; you whom I love fervently. Vainly have I struggled for months with my feelings—many times resolved to fly—but your loved image was ever before me, even in my slumbers.

Aline. These are the words of your letter, Arthur.

Arth. It was for you !

Aline. For me ?

Arth. Yes, for you—to whom this morning I dared not tell the secret

of my heart. I love you, and would rather live with you in poverty and obscurity, than share all the grandeur the world can offer!

Aline. You wouldn't deceive me, Arthur!

Arth. Deceive? By all my hopes of happiness, never! You are my life, my soul—I am yours—yours, till death! [*Embraces her.*]

Aline. Pray leave me—to-morrow I will hear all.

[*Struggling to release herself.*]

Arth. Never! Say that you are mine—my own, or you will drive me mad! Speak, love, and seal my bliss.

Aline. I—I—am yours! [*Her head sinks on his shoulder.*]

Arth. Joy—joy unutterable!

[*Kisses her.* At this moment "Savourneen Deelish" is heard piano in the street—ALICE starts up wildly, and rushes from his arms.

Aline. Listen—listen! It is my mother's voice come to warn us—to snatch me from evil. Arthur, you will hearken to it. You would not have me cause her death. You are too good, and generous—you will pity, and leave me. won't you? My tears—my penitent tears, for sinning even in thought, will move you! [*Weeps, and falls at his feet, kneeling.*]

Arth. [*Raising her tenderly.*] Aline!

Aline. Don't talk to me, I implore. If you respect and love me, go at once, and I will bless you.

Arth. Love you, Aline? I dare not trust myself to think of the passion I feel towards you. Farewell! You shall see I do respect. Your virtue has triumphed—Heaven bless and guard you!

[*Rushes out, L. H. D. F.*]

Davy. [*Heard without.*] Good night, Miss Aline. I came back this way on purpose to say "Good night."

[*"Savourneen Deelish" played again, gradually dying away.*]

Aline. [*Clasping her hands, and falling on her knees, sobbing.*] Mother—mother—I'm saved! [*Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the House of the COUNTESS OF DUNMORE. D. in F.

Enter GENERAL BLACKAIN, R. H.

Gen. What a curious adventure this day has proved! My mountain fairy discovered to me, so extraordinarily. I little thought, when my sister asked me to attend her to the house of the Earl's supposed chere ami, that I should find in her the little runaway. My scheme of inviting her here, will place success beyond a doubt. When the guests and my nephew leave for the levee. I shall remain with her. Cupid and Bacchus must be summoned to my aid. Flattery and champagne will conquer.

[*LILLY appears at the D. in F.*]

Lilly. If you please, is my lady here?

Gen. [*Turns round—sees LILLY.*] The devil!

Lilly. [*Recognizing him.*] No, sir—a victim!—I should have been one, if I had listened to your fine promises.

Gen. Miss Lover, I—

Lilly. My name's Pattypan—Wholesale and Retail Confectioner, No. 200½ Strand. [*Loud.*] Oh, you shameful man!

Gen. [*Closing the door.*] For Heaven's sake, don't talk so loud !

Lilly. You are afraid I should compromise your honor, eh ? What's that to my innocence ?

Gen. My dear——

Lilly. I won't be called your dear !

Gen. Allow me to assure you——

Lilly. I'll assure *you*, that every time I meet you I'll scratch one of your eyes out !

Gen. [*Laughing.*] I fancy I shall look rather handsome the *third* time we meet.

Lilly. Don't laugh, monster ! You drove me from home, and I'll be revenged ! I've come on purpose to tell my lady, the Countess, all about your wicked ways.

Gen. [*Aside.*] An exposé might be unpleasant just now ! Be merciful—renounce your intention——

Lilly. Only on one condition.

Gen. What is it !

Lilly. That you keep your promise, and make me a Queen, as you said.

Gen. Did I say so ?

Lilly. Yes—and I *will* be a Queen, or I'll tell !

Gen. So you shall—at the Opera—I'll arrange it.

Lilly. I don't care *where* it is, so that I am one. Then I shall wear satin shoes, gold and silver dresses—look at myself in large looking-glasses—and when I wake in the morning at eight, I shall ring for beef-steaks, eat, and go to sleep again. At eleven, I shall wake, dress, and ring again for breakfast. Lunch must be ready at two—little delicacies and Madeira ; that would do till six. I shall always dine at six—it's my best meal—young partridges, soup, fish, fowl, cheese, and eggs. Perhaps I should ring for more wine. Then when I come home from the opera, I should sup, and——

Gen. The next day begin again !

A FOOTMAN enters, R. H.

Footm. [*To LILLY.*] The Countess will see you now.

Lilly. Eh ? [*To GENERAL*] Am I to go ?

Gen. No ! [*To FOOTMAN.*] Tell your mistress I have seen the young person for her. [*FOOTMAN bows and Exit, R. H.*]

Lilly. [*Calls after him.*] Yes—tell her I can't come ! [*To GENERAL.*] You won't forget your promise ?

Gen. Rely on me. Pray don't stay any longer, or my sister may see you.

Lilly. I don't want to make mischief, so I'll go—but if you deceive me, back I come, mind ! I *will* be a Queen ! [*Exit, L. H.*]

Gen. An interesting companion, that ! The manager of the opera is under some little obligations to me, so she shall be provided for, and made a tragedy queen of speedily. What evil genius could direct her thoughts to me ?

Enter the COUNTESS and ARTHUR—(His dress and manner very much altered,) R. H.

Arth. Madam, I have been informed you wished to see me.

Coun. Yes, Arthur—I am anxious to talk to you, on matters of importance to your future happiness—your marriage with Miss Daubigny. You are fully aware of the immense advantages of such a union. Her exalted birth, family interest, and large estates, added to your expectations, would place you in the *first* rank in the peerage.

Arth. Madam, I thank you for your kind consideration, and it is with deep regret I am compelled to decline the honor you would confer—but the marriage is impossible!

Coun. Impossible? General?

Gen. He decidedly said “impossible.”

Arth. I feel I cannot love the lady you have chosen for me.

Coun. And why not, may I ask, sir?

Arth. Because I love another.

Gen. A capital reason!

Coun. [*Aside.*] My suspicions are just, then? Do you hear this, General? [*GENERAL bows*] Arthur, are you trifling with my feelings?

Arth. I should blush to do so, but my resolution is firm!

Coun. Since you decline the lady *I* have selected, perhaps you will condescend to inform us *who* the happy object of your affections may be, sir?

Arth. Madam?

Coun. Name her without fear. If her birth is noble, though her inheritance may be less than yours, I may consent.

Gen. Name the lady, Arthur.

Arth. She is not a lady, in the world's acceptance of the term—*her* nobility is that of the mind!

Gen. If she has *no rank*, she ought to have, to become my niece.

Coun. You reason correctly, brother. The future Earl of Dunmore should never disgrace himself and family by a mis-alliance.

Arth. Far from proving a disgrace, my union with her would add renewed lustre to my station.

Coun. Then why blush to reveal her name? I will not press my request further. Attend me to my apartment, Arthur. Miss Daubigny honors us with her presence at the fête. Let me hope that the impression she may make will effectually eradicate this romantic, silly passion.

Arth. [*Leading the COUNTESS out, L. H.*] Never, madam! [*Exit, L. H.*]

Gen. [*Aside.*] Hopeful son—very!

[*Exit R. H., shrugging his shoulders, and shaking his head.*]

SCENE III.—*A very elegantly furnished Saloon in the Countess of Dunmore's Villa, overlooking the Park. The furniture all of the richest description. Flowers, Shrubs, &c. &c.*

A FOOTMAN ushers in *ALINE*, followed closely by *DAVY*—his pipe in one hand, and his hat in the other. He is gazing round with wonder and delight.

Foot. You are to wait my lady's pleasure here, young woman.

[*Exit.* DAVY bows very low to him.

Davy. And is this all real? Here's grandeur and finery! What heaps of gold! They almost take my breath away!

Aline. People of rank all live in such houses, I believe.

Davy. Do they now? Then it's a pity they're not more contented, and readier to lend a helping hand to those that haven't a roof to cover their heads. Are these made to sit down upon? [*Touching a chair.*] Heaven save us—it's real silk! [*Feeling it.*] Fit to make a gown for a duchess!

Aline. You must not speak so loud—your remarks will be heard.

Davy. And why not? Folks must notice, when they see a fine show—and I suppose the grand people here keep these fine things to be looked at.

Aline. Hush! [*Shakes her finger.*

Davy. [*Observing the carpet.*] My stars! if they haven't laid a large shawl down for us to walk on! Look?

Aline. [*Smiles.*] It is a carpet.

Davy. A carpet, is it? Hadn't I better pull my boots off? I've got such large nails in them.

FOOTMAN re-enters, conducting GENERAL BLACKAIN—bows, points to ALINE, and retires. The GENERAL (C.) does not perceive DAVY, who is on the opposite side of the Stage, looking at a picture.

Gen. [*To ALINE.*] Well, my pretty maid, you have arrived, eh?

Davy. [*Turns quickly round, and runs to ALINE's side.*] Yes, and I've arrived too, sir! [*Bows.*

Gen. [*Surprised.*] What wild man of the mountain is this?

Davy. [*With anger.*] Wild man of the mountain——

Aline. This is a friend, sir, though an humble one, that accompanies me.

Gen. Why does he come with you?

Aline. [*Pointedly.*] To protect me!

Davy. And I'm damned if I don't!

Aline. Davy!

Davy. It's no use, miss—I couldn't help it! My heart gave my tongue the slip, and though a bad word did pop out, it was in a good cause.

Gen. [*Aside.*] This fellow may be troublesome. I must rid myself of him. [*To ALINE.*] What have you to fear, that you come thus guarded?

Davy. Fear? Nothing, while I am by her side; for I should like to see the man, be he gentle or simple, who'd dare insult her. If I'm not stout, I'm strong! [*Tucks up his sleeves.*

Gen. [*Smiling.*] This is amusing. Friend, you are quite a character.

Davy. Yes, sir—and a good one, too—and that's what some folks can't boast of.

[FOOTMAN bowing, announces the COUNTESS—the GENERAL hastens to meet her, c. d. She enters, accompanied by Miss DAUBIGNY,

MALE and FEMALE VISITORS, &c. ALINE curtsies. DAVY continues bowing till all are seated.

Coun. [To ALINE.] You are punctual, my dear. I feel indebted for this attention.

Davy. [Aside.] I hope she'll pay her debts, then, before we go.

Coun. [Who has been speaking to the GENERAL.] Very well. General Blackain informs me you play skilfully on the pipe, friend—

Davy. The General knows I can finger the stops pretty well, your ladyship.

Coun. After you have refreshed yourself, we shall be delighted to hear you. [DAVY bows.]

Gen. [To FOOTMAN.] Take him to the steward's room, James.

Davy. [Drawing closer to ALINE.] No, I thank ye, General—I'm better here.

Aline. [Aside.] Don't quit my side—

Davy. [Aside to her.] Devil a bit.

Coun. [To her GUESTS, smiling.] An oddity!

Gen. [Aside.] Confound this booby!

Coun. [To the GENERAL.] Arthur does not come. [To ALINE.] Will you oblige us by singing one of your delightful mountain airs, my dear? I feel assured it would yield much gratification to my friends.

Aline. I am a poor singer, madam, and know but one ballad, taught me by my mother—but I will do all in my power to please you.

[Curtsies.]

Davy. So will I. [Takes out his pipe—the company slightly applaud.]

Coun. [To ALINE.] Thank you.

Gen. [Aside.] She enchants me!

Coun. We wait your pleasure, my love. [Aside.] My son must soon arrive!

Davy. We'll astonish 'em, if they have ears for music!

[Blows pipe. One verse of a Song is sung, DAVY accompanying it on the pipe. ALINE sings with much diffidence.]

SONG—ALINE.

While absent from thee, fatherland,
We learn thy worth to prize—
Though distant far, my mind's among
Thy smiling hills and dales,
Where songs of joy and peace are sung,
And danger ne'er assails.

The FOOTMAN re-enters—bows ARTHUR on, C. D. ALINE starts on seeing him, and appears agitated.

Aline. Arthur!

Arth. [Much surprised.] Heavens! Aline here?

Coun. [Advancing rapidly.] You know this girl, my lord?

[All surround listening.]

Arth. [Aside.] I dare not acknowledge her! No, madam, I do not.

Aline. [*Running to him.*] Not know me? Arthur! You—you disown me?

Coun. Girl, why do you address my son, the Earl of Dunmore, thus?

Aline. He—my Arthur—your son? [*Screams.*] Mother, mother! I am lost.

[*Sinks fainting on the ground—ARTHUR runs to her to raise her, but DAVY interferes, raising her on his knees, and saying, "No you don't!" The various characters form groups in surprise. Music. Act drop descends quickly.*

END OF ACT II.

[*A lapse of four months is supposed to take place between the Second and Third Acts.*]

ACT III.—[LONDON AND IRELAND.]

SCENE I.—*A handsome Apartment in the house of ALINE. Window R. H. Door in F. C. Secret door L. H., or in F. A portrait of ARTHUR in uniform painted on F. Table, chairs, rich toilet, everything bespeaking splendor.*

The GENERAL and WILLIAM, a VALET, enter.

Gen. You are sure your mistress is not aware of my visit?

Wil. Quite, sir!

Gen. [*Giving him gold.*] Mind, nine o'clock! This will ensure your silence. I double the sum if we succeed. You hear me?

Wil. Yes, sir!

Gen. You must be in waiting at the garden door, with two men. This key will open it. [*Gives key.*

Wil. [*Bows, and exits c. D.*] I'll attend, sir.

Gen. I shall now have my revenge, and make Miss Aline mine in earnest. My nephew will be taught never to interfere with my little projects again. He has cunningly removed her to this isolated place, fearing another expose. The scene at the fete was not very amusing for him. [*Laughs.*] How his lady mother fumed! however, he has made his peace, like a dutiful son, and agreed to marry. He fancies to monopolise this little mountain daisy, snugly to himself. No—no! gold has revealed her abode, and to-day I'll carry her off.

WILLIAM re-enters hastily, c. D.

Wil. My master is coming, sir—if he sees you, I am ruined. Pray run!

Gen. Run, you rascal!—did you ever hear of a general running?

Wil. He swore to throw the first man he caught in the house, out of the window! [*Goes up c. D.*

Gen. The devil he did? and this is the third floor. I'll make a skillful retreat. [*Going slowly.*

Arth. [*Without.*] Bring them up, James.

Wil. [*Quickly.*] He's coming up, sir.

Gen. [*Quickly.*] And I'm going down! but mind, I don't run. Be sure to be ready in an hour. The carriage shall be at the gate.

[*Exits through L. H.*]

Wil. [*Laughs.*] He's running for his life!

Enter ARTHUR, and a SERVANT, carrying a trunk, c.

Arth. Put it there. [*JAMES places it on a chair.*] Leave me. [*JACOB bows and exits.*] William, tell your mistress I'm here.

Wil. Yes, my lord!

[*Bows and exits, c.*]

Arth. Poor girl! she little dreams that I must leave her for ever. [*Sits*] My mother will not hear of my union with her—and the impoverished state of my finances renders a marriage with the rich Miss Daubigny, imperative! I almost wish I'd never seen Aline! parting from her will be so painful. She will feel it so acutely. All has been done to atone for my romantic folly! masters provided to instruct her, for a better position in society. She imagines it is my mother's wish, that she should be accomplished—and with avidity applies herself to study. A suitable settlement shall be made, and when she returns to Ireland, she will be wiser, if not happier.

ALINE enters c., very richly attired. She runs to ARTHUR.

Aline. Arthur! [*He takes her hand.*] how late you are! I fancied it was almost an age since I saw you—now you are come, tell me—your mother, the countess!—Does she speak of me?

Arth. Yes, love!

Aline. I have labored to render myself worthy of her kindness. You tell me I make great progress from the books she sends me. Oh! how proud I shall be of her approbation. When will she call me daughter?

Arth. [*Opening the box, embarrassed*] Here are some dresses she has sent you.

Aline. [*Sadly.*] Dresses! always dresses! But when shall I see her, Arthur?

Arth. Have a little more patience, love, and you shall see her.

Aline. I wish to write to my mother. It is four months since I did so. You wished me to wait till I could tell her of our happiness, but it seems still far distant.

[*Sighs.*]

Arth. The countess will soon consent to our marriage. Pray don't write just yet, for it must not be known that you are here. She would be angry; above all, be careful to-day—do not appear at the window, even for a moment.

Aline. I will do as you please. Your wishes are pleasures to me.

Arth. I fear my uncle might discover, and annoy you. But you will be dull, shut up here?

Aline. Dull! With the thoughts of our union in my mind, and your portrait to contemplate?

Arth. [*Aside.*] Her words cut me to the soul!

Aline. Are you going so soon?

Arth. Business of importance calls me from town to-day. [*Aside.*] I dare not trust myself to talk to her!

Aline. You will return to-morrow?

Arth. Early. Good bye, sweet. [*Kisses her.*] If not, I'll write to you—[*Aside.*—for the last time! [*Pointing to the window.*] Don't forget the window! [*Exit, F.*

Aline. No—never fear, dear. How considerate he is for my safety. Poor fellow! That odious General is always annoying him. [*Looks at dresses.*] These are very beautiful! I ought to be grateful to the Countess for so much kindness. [*Sighs*] Yet costly as they are, without Arthur's love, to me they would be valueless.

[*LILLY LOVER heard without, L. H.*

Lilly. Not at home, fellow? I tell you she's always at home to me. We were born in the same place, and went to school together. [*She enters, L. H., disputing with WILLIAM—LILLY runs to ALINE—she is very showily dressed.*] How d'ye do, my love? [*Shakes her head.*

Aline. How happy I am to see you!

Lilly. I knew you would be. [*To WILLIAM.*] Do you hear that, sir? The next time you say she's out, I'll box your ears! [*Exit WILLIAM, laughing—aside.*] Well, how have you been, love? Nice place this—I've had sad trouble to find it, though.

Aline. Have you, Lilly?

Lilly. Hush, my dear! I've changed my name since I came out at the Opera. There's nothing like high-sounding names to please the public. I am Madame Cleopatra Pattypanireno. Ain't it musical?

[*Conceitedly.*

Aline. [*Smiling.*] You are much altered.

Lilly. Yes, a little. Things have prospered since I became an artiste. Beautiful house—carriage—four footmen—a blackamoor, and two lap-dogs!

Aline. [*Laughing.*] Indeed! you are fortunate.

Lilly. Moderately so. I breakfast with lords, lunch with marquises, and dine with dukes.

Aline. You must have made rapid progress in your dancing.

Lilly. It's my manner, dear. I've so much *jenny-sesqueak* about me. Even your old admirer, the General, is smitten with it. The creature positively wants to marry me.

Aline. And will you refuse him?

Lilly. I can't tell yet. To-morrow he takes me to see a villa—if it's very handsome, I may consent. Now tell me a little about yourself. Have you changed your name, love?

Aline. Changed my name, Lilly?

Lilly. Yes. La! don't look so. Folks generally do, when they are situated as you are.

Aline. I don't understand you.

Lilly. Nonsense! A friend of the Earl's—your Arthur's, I mean—told me all about it, and where to find you in the house he had taken for you. I've also heard of all he is doing to make a lady of you.

Aline. You have been misinformed. I am indebted to his mother, the Countess, for all. Arthur only waits her consent, to make me his wife

Lilly. [*Laughs.*] What? is he obliged to ask his mamma? Ha, ha! Ah, my dear, this is all very well—but we know better at the Opera.

Aline [*Aside.*] Can there be any meaning in her words? Heavens! would he deceive me? [*Reflects.*]

Lilly. She seems strangely moved, poor thing!

Aline. I'll write to him at once, and tell him of this —

[*Runs to table.*]

Lilly. While you write, I'll look at your apartments. I shall be ready for something to eat, when you've finished.

[*Exit, R. H., eyeing the furniture with her glass.*]

Aline. Yes—[*Arranging the writing materials.*—he shall explain this to me, instantly. [*Sits.*]

Enter WILLIAM, L. H.

What is it, William?

Wil. A poor man—a native of Ireland—is in the hall, madam.

Aline. Give this — [*Offers money.*]

Wil. I beg pardon, madam, but he is not asking charity, but wishes to speak to his lordship about a young lady from Killarney.

Aline. [*Aside.*] It must be Davy. Show him up! [*WILLIAM bows and exit, L. H.*] He never forsakes me long. He shall convey my letter to Arthur. [*Runs to L. H. and encounters her father, FARMER ROBERT LAWLER, his hat in his hand.*] My father! [*Falls into a chair.*]

Rob. Excuse a poor old man, madam, for the liberty I have taken, but a servant of the Countess of Dunmore told me I should find her son here. I humbly ask pardon — [*Bows.*]

Aline. [*Aside.*] How he is changed! I dare not ask him of home! Sit down—sit down — [*He sits.*]

Rob. You're his wife—if so, you will pray of him to tell me where I can find my child, and Heaven will bless you, lady.

Aline. [*Timidly.*] Is there nothing else you require?

[*Adverting her face.*]

Rob. Nothing, madam—only his aid to find my Aline, for I am poor and alone in this place.

Aline. Poor! [*Gives him her purse—still not looking.*] Take this—you shall have more.

Rob. Gold! I will not refuse your kind gifts, lady, for all my money's expended in my journey from home, and searching for my daughter. [*Wiping his eyes.*] We have no tidings of her for four months, and evil tongues are busy about her at home. They say she is disgraced—the mistress of some lord —

Aline. [*Dreadfully excited.—aside.*] Oh, my heart!

Rob. But it is false. I must carry her back to our village to contradict them—and she shall appear before them in the humble garb of our country, to prove that the money she sent us was not the fruits of dishonor.

Aline. Oh, no, no —

Rob. I would proudly show her to her accusers and not feel ashamed of the money that helped us in her poor mother's illness.

Aline. [*Partly turning.*] Illness!

Rob. Yes. For eight weeks she has been dying

Aline. [*Turning rapidly towards him.*] Dying! my mother dying!

Rob. [*Holding up his head.*] That voice !

Aline. [*Falling on her knees at his feet.*] It is me ! Aline—father—the child you are looking for !

Rob. [*Starting up.*] You my child ? In this house—covered with jewels, and rich attire ? No—it is *not* true—you are not Aline—you are not *my* daughter ! [*Turns away.*]

Aline. Father—dear father—listen to me. I never told you an untruth——

Rob. 'Tis false, I say ? The girl I seek is poor, but honest—early trained to virtue, in thought and act. *She* has no carriages, or liveried lacqueys—nor would she dare insult her father by offering to him the wages of her sin ! [*He dashes the money down.*]

Aline. Father—pardon, pardon—I am Aline—Aline !

Rob. You are the mistress of a villain. I have no daughter. *She* is dead to me now. [*Weeps.*] When I go back to Ireland, her mother—poor thing—will ask for her child, and before I can tell her she is dead, she herself will be no more ! [*Exit, L. H.*]

Aline. [*Following him to the door.*] Father ! father—come back—my heart will burst !

Re-enter LILLY, R. H., hastily.

Lilly. What is the matter, dear ?

Aline. My father—I have seen him, and he won't own me——

Lilly. Not own you ? He'll be glad to do so when the Earl marries you.

Aline. [*Not attending.*] My mother dying——

Lilly. Did he not swear to do so ?

Aline. I can remember nothing. Oh, my head—my head !

[*Presses her hands to her head, and throws herself into a chair.*]

DAVY heard without., L. H.

Davy. I must and will see Miss Aline this instant. [*Runs on, L. H.*]

Lilly. [*Points to ALINE, and whispers.*] I'm glad you're come. I'll leave you with her, while I run after her father. He's been here—such a dreadful meeting—but I'm sure she's innocent, poor thing ! I'll put all to rights. Don't you leave her. [*Exit, hurriedly, L. H.*]

Davy. Is that woman going mad ? [*Approaches ALINE, who is perfectly unconscious.*] Miss Aline, I've come to take you away, if you please. You must quit this house, and follow me.

Aline. [*Excited.*] Never ! My father found me here—he thinks me guilty—and never will I quit this house till I go forth Arthur's wife.

Davy. But if the Earl deceive you ?

Aline. Again that horrid suspicion ! Deceive me ? Impossible !

Davy. Listen. To-day at twelve o'clock a marriage is to take place at the parish church. This is the parish we are now in.

Aline. Well !

Davy. If you open that window you will see the parish church.

Aline. That window ! [*Recollecting.*] Ah ! I remember. He told me not to open it. [*Church bells are heard ringing.*] Those bells——

[*Rapidly.*]

Davy. Announce the marriage ceremony of Arthur, Earl of Dunmore, and the rich Miss Daubigny.

Aline. [*Running to the window, dreadfully moved.*] Yes, yes—carriages—flowers—people—I see, I see—a young man alights—he gives his hand to a lady in a bridal dress—now he turns his face to this house—[*Screams wildly.*—] it is—it is him!

[*She leaves the window—her manner is wild. She paces the stage.*

Davy. Didn't I tell you so?

Aline. [*Observing the Portrait.*] No, he has not left me—look there; there it is! [*Points to it joyfully.*

Davy. Heaven help us, how she looks at me! What noise is that? [*Runs to the window.*] Men under the garden wall, and pointing towards this window! [*Listens.*] They're talking about Aline and the General. More mischief, I'll be sworn. [*Listens.*] "All will be ready at nine!" What is the meaning of that? [*Closes window.*] Miss Aline, do you know them? They are coming here!

Aline. Yes—he is coming to present me to his mother.

Davy. In the name of Heaven, leave this house—let us go!

Aline. [*Smiling.*] To the ball? I am ready. [*Curtseys.*] But Arthur is not yet come. Alone here, in this crowd? I am frightened. Ah—[*Claps her hands joyfully.*]—Ah! I see him now. [*Suddenly changing her manner.*] He takes the hand of another—smiles upon her and speaks low words of affection, that are only mine. Arthur, I am here—your bride! am I not yours? What does he say? To-morrow! [*Shudders.*] Alas, I shall not live till to-morrow! [*Sits desponding.*

Davy. Poor girl! she has lost her senses. If I could take her home. Aline! Aline, let us fly. You shall go with me, among flowers, and fields—in the bright sunshine, far away from this proud city. The merry singing of the birds will gladden our weary way; and when fatigue overcomes us, still we shall have the solace of our heart's own music to comfort us. Aline—she hears me not!

[*She mutters to herself unconsciously part of a verse of "Savourneen Deelish."*

Davy. Ah! Thank Heaven, one hope remains. The song of our hills! [*Exit, L. H.*

Aline. [*Gazing on the portrait.*] You will always stay with me, won't you, love. [*The air of "Savourneen Deelish" is heard very piano without—She listens, rises, and as the air becomes more distant, appears to follow the sound.*] Stay—stay! [*Bells again heard—she pauses.*] Those bells—ah, I remember—[*Very much agitated. Air again—she returns to door.*] My mother is calling to me—she is dying! I come—I come! [*Exit, following the decreasing air.*

SCENE II.—*The Exterior of a handsome Villa, in a Garden.*

Enter LILLY LOVER and GENERAL BLACKAIN.

Lilly. The house is not half good enough for me, I protest! I refused three last week much more becoming. Forty rooms! How could I exist in such a bandbox?

Gen. My love—

Lilly. Don't love me, sir, I beg. I am much indisposed towards you. Liberality is the only way to my heart and affections. Besides, I'm not pleased by your conduct to Aline. You ought to have respected her love for your nephew. I shall marry the Spanish marquis to punish you.

Gen. Lilly!

Lilly. Cleopatra, General, if you please. *Lillys* are only fit for the country.

Gen. I am willing to yield everything to your judgment, my dear.

Lilly. So you ought!

Gen. I have furnished the house in the most costly style—and to gratify your taste, have engaged most of the servants from the north of Ireland.

Lilly. How preposterous, General. I've no great liking for the North—especially the people—they are so rough and unfashionable. Give me the soft South—the natives of another land.

[*Walks affectedly from him.*]

“*Enter KENRIC from the Villa, L. H.*”

“*Gen.* Well, Kenric, is all going on right at the house?”

“*Ken.* Yes, General. Will her ladyship please to look in. [*Bows.*]

Lilly. [*Turning round.*] Ladyship! Rather a sensible person this.

“General, your purse. [*He gives it.*] Drink my health, young man.

[*Gives money to KENRIC.*]

“*Ken.* [*Bowing.*] Thank your grace.

“*Lilly.* My grace! I'll raise his wages—[*Gives money.*]—he's very

“deserving, I'm sure.

“*Gen.* [*Aside.*] My dear, don't judge too hastily. Be prudent.

“*Lilly.* Silence, sir!

“*Ken.* [*Bowing.*] Won't you honor us by walking in? [*To GENE-
RAL.*] Pray persuade the duchess, sir.

“*Lilly.* Duchess! Here, take my purse, you are worthy of it.

“*Gen.* Cleopatra! remember, it is mine.

“*Lilly.* Yours! Paltry, shabby consideration.

“*Ken.* [*Bowing*] Health and prosperity to your majesty.

“*Lilly.* Majesty! Stop young man—I've nothing more to give.

“*Ken.* [*Bowing himself off. Aside.*] Pretty well for a dairy-maid. I
“recollect her ladyship in Ireland. [*Laughs aside, and exits.*]

“*Gen.* You do wrong, in suffering flattery to impose itself on you
“thus, Lilly.

“*Lilly.* Impose on me! [*Laughs.*] Very amusing, 'pon my honor. I
“defy any one to do so.”

Gen. Silly girl! your head is turned!

Lilly. It is the right way, then. One word for all—if I condescend to give my hand to you, I must have my own way in everything. If not, I marry the Marquis, Don Alfonso, Carlo, Hildebrando, Modena, Sierra, Barcelona—and leave you to die in despair.

Gen. Your demands are unreasonable!

Lilly. When did you ever find a woman's, particularly a fine woman's,

any other, pray? If you hesitate, I am lost to you, and England, for ever! Spain, and Spaniards will possess me. Speak!

Gen. Well—I—I—agree—[*Gives his hand.*—love. [*Aside.*] Until we are married.

Lilly. You are a fortunate man. The world will envy you the possession of such a treasure. I shall soon put your obedience to the test. You must persuade the countess, your sister, to repair poor Aline's wrong. Secondly, pull down this thing you call a house, and build one double the size. I'll walk in and examine the furniture. [*Going.* And thirdly, I'll consider what you shall do fourthly.

[*Walks off L. H. affectedly, followed by the GENERAL, down flat.*

SCENE III.—*Precisely the same as Scene I, Act I. Ireland. Music to open.*

MR. ROSSLYN and FARMER LAWLER enter from R. H. D.

Ross. I am rejoiced at your speedy return, Robert. Still more so, with the news of Aline. I heard you tell her mother, she was coming home to us.

Rob. [*Sorrowfully.*] She will never come here, sir, while I live. If I had told the truth to my poor wife it might have killed her. We have no longer a child!

Ross. Is she dead?

Rob. No, sir; she is dishonored!

Ross. She—Aline—degraded! [*Astonished.*

Rob. Hush, sir! Margaret is coming. The news would be fatal.

DAME MARGARET, much altered by illness, enters very feeble—ROBERT assists her to a chair. *Music.*

Rob. This is imprudent, Margaret. You should not exert yourself too much.

Dame. I feel better this morning, and stronger since you came home, and brought tidings of our Aline. We shall soon have her back, sir. [*To MR. ROSSLYN.*] See her once more, fold her to our hearts. Why didn't she come with you, Robert?

Rob. [*Embarrassed.*] Her—her duty to the Countess, prevented it. She will soon follow.

Dame. If she delays, she will never see me any more. [*Sighs.*] To die in her arms is all I pray for now.

Ross. Poor bereaved mother! You had better not venture too much, Margaret. The air from the mountain is powerful, and may affect you.

Rob. Mr. Rosslyn is right, dear. Pray retire to your bedchamber again.

Dame. If you wish it, husband, but I cannot rest contented. You will call me if she comes. Let these eyes be the first to look on her, this tongue the first to bless her. [*Rises.*

Rob. Yes—yes!

[MR. ROSSLYN and ROBERT lead her in R. H. When they are off air "Savourneen Deelish" heard in the distance. DAVY is seen descending the mountains at the back of the stage. He pauses—

looks back—plays his Pipe again. ALINE is now seen slowly following, each time that he pauses, she looks towards the point they come from, and moves back—but on hearing the air, slowly follows DAVY. She appears fatigued and weary—on reaching the Stage, she sinks on a bench.

Davy. [Looking.] Home at last! The sight gladdens my heart. A weary way, though, I've had with this poor witless creature. Five long, long miles to travel. But what could I do? She was deserted, friendless, in a strange place—her mother sorrowing at home, pining away for her child. Could I leave her as the villain who deceived her with his fine words and false hopes, had done! No! I'd rather walk the distance twenty times over—though I dropped dead on the road. Every morning when we set out afresh, her eyes were always turned towards London. My power over her was in the music, what she, poor dear, fancies the voice of her dying parent—it was that gave her courage and strength. I was obliged to do for her that which I should never have done for myself—begged for our daily bread, but something whispered to me, I was doing right—and though I did beg, I might hold up my head with the best and proudest [*Looks on ALINE.*] What am I to do with her? How break the dreadful news to her mother?

Aline. [To herself.] Why did you leave me, Arthur?

Davy. She is always talking this way about him. Aline—my good Aline.

Aline. Who called me? *

[*Looking up.*]

Davy. Davy! Don't you know me? [*Sits by her and takes her hand.*] Davy, your friend.

ROSSLYN and ROBERT re-enter from R. H.

Rob. Yes, sir! It is better she should enjoy the hope I no longer have.

Davy. [Sees him.] Master Lawler! Sir! Mr. Rosslyn!

[*In a half whisper.*]

Rob. [Turning round.] What do I see? Davy here! And—
and——

[*Observing ALINE.*]

Davy. Your poor senseless child. [*ROSSLYN runs to her*] I've brought her safely to you, take her to your bosom, love and cherish her.

Rob. Never! She is no longer my daughter.

Davy. Not yours! Can you look upon her pallid face, and haggard features unmoved? See her sink at your door without a word of comfort, or one God bless you! Oh man! man! where's your heart?

Rob. She is justly punished for her crime.

Davy. What crime? She is as innocent as in the hour she was born. It's well for you, Farmer Lawler, that you're an old man, or by my soul, I'd have knocked the crime down your throat. Who says she's sinned! Let him stand forward, and I'll not leave a whole bone in his cowardly, lying carcase.

Rob. I can forgive your honest warmth, Davy.

Davy. Don't talk to me about forgiveness, ask it for yourself of your maker, for judging so harshly of your helpless child. If she had been

guilty, as you say, who ought to shelter her? Is her father's door to be closed upon her? or is she to be left in the streets to perish? Is that the way to reclaim her? But she is guiltless! I say it, swear it, and will fight for it! You have wronged her. It is too bad, farmer!

[*Much excited.*]

Rob. Can it be possible I've been deceived? and that she is pure, and worthy of our love?

[*ALINE is led in by ROSSLYN.*]

Davy. Time will prove my words, for time does not possess the tongue of the liar or the slanderer.

Rob. [*Kissing her.*] Poor sufferer, how shall we break the tidings to her mother? It must be done gently, very gently.

Ross. Leave the task to me. I will prepare her for the interview.

[*Exits R. H. 2 E.*]

Rob. She does not notice me! Speak to her!

Davy. Aline! Aline!

Aline. [*Repeats.*] Aline! [*Mechanically.*]

Davy. It's Davy, you know him? Your own Davy!

Aline. I'm coming! I'll walk faster presently. [*Rises much fatigued.*]
I feel so tired. Let me lean on your arm.

[*Sighs, and leans on his arm.*]

Davy. No, we have no further to walk—we are at home, dear.

Aline. Home?

Davy. Yes, look. [*Points.*] It's the country you were born in.

Aline. [*Quickly.*] Country? Come, come—we must go back to him—come—[*Crosses to L. H.*—to London—

Rob. [*Shakes his head.*] Again!

Aline. He says he loves—

Davy. The fit's coming on—I must soothe her.

[*Plays the air, piano—she returns, visibly affected—appears to regain her recollection—gazes round.*]

Aline. The cottage—green hills—home! Yes, yes—[*Repeats to herself.*] “And sometimes bestow a thought upon your mother” That thought? Oh, that horrible thought!

[*Buries her face in her hands, and gradually sinks, weeping, on one knee—DAVY and ROBERT regard her sorrowfully—DAME and MR. ROSSLYN re-enter R. H. as she is repeating her mother's words—DAME breaks from MR. ROSSLYN and stands over her—her hands raised to heaven—speaking in a feeble voice.*]

Dame. Think of your mother—it will give you courage in the hour of need—God be with you—go with the grace of heaven—

[*ALINE seems to be awakened to a sudden perception—by degrees she rises, and looks at her mother—tries to speak, but finds it impossible, choked by her tears. She extends her arms, and falls fainting on her mother's bosom.*]

Aline. Mother!

Davy. [*With a burst of delight.*] She's saved! she's saved!

Ross. Hush! calm your transport, man.

Davy. It's no use, sir. I can't—I'm so happy! [*Bursts into tears.*]

Aline. [*Recovering.* Living! living! [*Pressing her mother.*] They told me you were dead. [*Trying to remember.* ROSSLYN signs for all

to remain silent.] Ah, it was one of my dreams—'tis passed now!

Dame Yes, love, it was a dream.

Aline. [*Looking in her father's face.*] Father, too! [*Laughs.*] Oh, how terrible you came to me in my dream! [*Sees ROSSLYN and DAVY.*] Mr. Rosslyn! Davy? All here? all—but—no, no—not Arthur!

[*As she is pronouncing his name, a slight noise of a carriage is heard, and ARTHUR speaks without.*

Arth. Aline! Aline!

Aline. That voice? [*Joyfully.*] 'Tis he—'tis he! He's come for me!

Rob. All is lost!

Davy. I'll have his life, the villain! [*ROSSLYN restrains him.*

ARTHUR rushes on, followed by PEASANTRY. He runs to ALINE.

Arth. [*Taking her hand.*] Aline!

Aline. Arthur! [*Observes his splendid attire.*] No, no—it is the Earl! Oh, then it was not a dream! [*Hides her face in her mother's bosom.*

Arth. Look up, dearest—it is you: Arthur—ever yours. I heard your cries of misery as I entered the church. Remorse seized me—I refused to marry, and rushed out a better man. Vainly I sought for you—you had fled. My mother repents her cruelty, and consents to our union. I am here to ask pardon for all the tears I have caused, all the sufferings I have inflicted, and to make you my wife—the wife of the Earl of Dunmore!

Aline. Yours? I—your wife—your true wife? [*They embrace*

Davy. [*To ROBERT.*] Wasn't I right? Who dares speak ill of her now? I knew it, and would have died for it! [*Claps his hands.*

Aline. [*Taking her mother's hand.*] Mother—father—Arthur! all near me—close to my heart! Davy—all my friends, too? Oh! I'm so happy! Heaven has indeed blessed me!

[*Picture. Air—"Savourneen deelish."*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE END.

